





A DIALOGUE

Between a Southern Delegate and His Spouse

On His Return from the Grand Continental Congress.

ATTRIBUTED TO JEFFERSON

See Sabin—under title.

A
D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN

A Southern Delegate

AND

H I S S P O U S E ,

ON HIS RETURN FROM

The Grand Continental Congress.

A F R A G M E N T

INSCRIBED

To the MARRIED LADIES of *America*,

By their most sincere

And Affectionate Friend

And Servant,

M A R Y V. V.

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A DIALOGUE, Etc.

WIFE—In less than a Year,
Mark me Sir, you'll repent of't, as sure as
you're there.

HUSBAND. Pray, for God's sake, my dear,
be a little discreet;
As I hope to be sav'd, you'll alarm the whole
street;
Don't delight so in scolding yourself out of
breath;
To the Neighbours 'tis sport, but to me it
is death.
I submit for Peace sake to be led by the
Nose;
Don't make the World think that we're come
to Blows:
If once but a Crotchet in your Head you
have got,
For your Husband's Advice, Ma'm, you care
not a Groat.
There are many wise people, I'd have you to
know,
Who often have ask'd it, and have follow'd
it too:
If I speak but a Word, you rave like a Fury,
The Patience of *Job*, Madam, wou'dn't,
cou'dn't endure ye:
Had I a million of sons, Ah! by the Lord
Harry,
I'd advise every one of them never to marry.

WIFE. Call the Doctor!——by this unusual Palaver,
 I fear thou'st been bit, you so foam and so slaver:
 Alas! never,——ah!——never, elect him again;
 This pride of Delegation turns many a Brain.

HUSBAND. You mistook me, my Dear, I did not pretend
 Every Measure of Congress, right or wrong to defend;
 Many Things they've left undone they shou'd surely have done,
 Many Things they have done, they shou'd have sure let alone:
 The - - - - - *Suffolk* - - - - - Appro-
 bation,

— — — — —
England - - - - - d—m—n
 — — — — —

Nice Discussions a wise Man will ever decline,
 When his Head and his Heart are o'er heated with Wine:
 Men, when drunk, are all Heroes, all prudent, all gallant;
 Stark Fools become Sages; rank Cowards, grow valiant:
 High Matters of State should be plann'd before Dinner;
 A Saint in the Morn is at Night oft a Sinner:

But grant their Resolves were more absurd
than they are,
Could you really expect your meek Husband
would dare
Oppose such a Torrent, when its very well
known,
He dare not say to your Face, his Soul is his
own?

WIFE. God bless us and keep us! why,
my Dearest, till now,
I ne'er heard you so wise, or so witty, I vow;
I protest this same Congress's a very fine
School;
A man comes back a *Chatham*, who went
there a Fool.

HUSBAND. You're afraid to hear all, but
for once I will speak,
Wherever I am known, I am call'd *Jerry*
Sneak;
I bear for all that, with your Caprice and
your Tricks,
But prithee, Dear, dabble not in our Politics.

WIFE. Prithee! ha, ha, ha, Prithee! my
Senator grave!
Sir! I'll make you repent of that Speech, to
your Grave;
Why had'st not said, KNOW THEN, like
the mighty Congress,

I presume you'd a Hand in that civil Address:

Indeed my sweet Sir, when you treat with
your betters,
You should mind how you speak, and how
you write Letters.

HUSBAND. That Horse-laugh is all feign'd,
with much better Grace,
You know Ma'm, you cou'd hit me a slap in
the Face:
Consider, my Dear, you're a Woman of
Fashion,
'Tis really indecent to be in such Passion;
Mind thy Household-Affairs, teach thy children to read,
And never, Dear, with Politics, trouble thy
Head.

WIFE. Good Lord! how magnanimous!
I fear Child thou'rt drunk,
Dost thou think thyself, Deary, a *Cromwell*, or
Monk?
Dost thou think that wise Nature meant thy
shallow Pate
To digest the important Affairs of a State?
Thou born! thou! the Machine of an Empire
to wield?
Art thou wise in Debate? Shou'st feel bold
in the Field?
If thou'st Wisdom to manage Tobacco, and
Slave,

It's as much as God ever design'd thee to
have:
Because Men are Males are they all Politicians?
Why then I presume they're Divines and Physicians,
And born all with Talents every Station to fill,
Noble Proofs you've given! no doubt, of your Skill:
Wou'd! instead of Delegates, they'd sent Delegates' Wives;
Heavens! we cou'dn't have bungled it so
for our Lives!
If you had even consulted the boys of a School,
Believe me, Love, you cou'd not have play'd
so the Fool:
Wou'd it bluster and frighten its own poor
dear Wife,
As the Congress does *England* quite out of
her life?

HUSBAND. This same Congress, my Dear,
much disturbeth thy Rest,
God and Men ask no more than that Men do
their best;
'Tis their Fate, not their Crimes, if they've
little Pretence
To your most transcendent Penetration and
Sense;
'Tis great Pity, I grant, they had'nt ask'd the
Advice

Of a Judge of Affairs, so profound and so
nice;
You're so patient, so cool, so monstrous elo-
quent,
Next Congress, my Empress shal't be made
President.

WIFE. I have said it, my Dear, and I'll
say it again,
That your famous Congress were a strange
set of men:
To you, my dear Love, I may be sometimes
too pert,
But then you know well, Dear, it is but for
a Spirt:
Tho' I do now and then take the Freedom
to glance
At your Dreams, and your Visions, I mind the
main Chance;
Regard your true Interest, your Health and
your Ease,
And am ever dispos'd to do just as you please;
Sometimes, to be sure, it is not quite conve-
nient,
But since I swore t' obey, I'm always obe-
dient;
I defy you to say now; you can't for your
Life,
That I'm not, at the Bottom, a very good
Wife:
Could I see you in Prison, or hang'd, without
pain?

Then pray, have not I reason enough to
complain?

HUSBAND. Psha! for God's sake, what
hazard of that do I run?

WIFE. Psha on, but beware, Dear, that
you are not undone;
'Twou'd soon break my Heart, tho' we do now
and then jar,
Were you ruin'd or taken, or killed in War.
From the Love I bear you, and our dear Girls
and Boys,
I have examin'd this Book, that makes so
much Noise:
Without seeing thro' Mill-stones, its soon un-
derstood,
As sure as you are born, this will at last end
in Blood:
A Cabal, which the high sovereign Power
defies,
No matter whether prompted by Truth or by
Lies;
No Matter for us, whether without or with
Reason,
In Law, they say's deem'd little short of High
Treason.
Three thousand Miles distant, we may crow
and exult,
But can you hope any State, will bear such
Insult.

To your high mighty Congress, the Members
 were sent,
 To lay all our Complaints before Parliament;
 Usurpation rear'd its head from that fatal
 Hour,
 You resolved, you enacted, like a sovereign
 Pow'r.
 Acts, tho' not enjoin'd, on Pain of Gibbets
 and Flames,
 Disobey'd, at the Price of our Fortunes, and
 Fames.
 Your Non-Imports, and Exports, are full
 fraught with Ruin
 Of thousands and thousands, the utter Un-
 doing:
 While without daring to bite, you're shewing
 your Teeth,
 You've contriv'd to starve all the poor People
 to death.
 Into all that's most sacred, you've made mad
 Inroad,
Morocco itself wou'd be asham'd of your Code.
 Pretty Sovereigns, in truth! God help us,
 what Things
 To make deep Politicians, or Statesmen, or
 Kings?
 If *Philadelphia* or *York* propos'd some wise
 Plan,
 From that very Moment, you all branded the
 Man
 ----- of Sense and of Honour ----- derive
 ----- Carpenters Hall ----- alive

_____ murder or rob
 _____ Pieces _____ Mob.
 Instead of imploring their Justice, or Pity,
 You treat Parliament like a Pack of Banditti:
 Instead of Addresses, fram'd on Truth and on
 Reason,
 They breathe nothing but Insult, Rebellion,
 and Treason;
 Instead of attempting our Interests to further,
 You bring down on our Heads Perdition, and
 Murder.
 When I think how these Things must infalli-
 bly end,
 I am distracted with Fear, and my Hair
 stands an end.

HUSBAND. You've been heating your Brain
 With Romances, and Plays,
 Such Rant and Bombast, I never heard in my
 Days.

WIFE. Were your new-fangled Doctrines
 as modest and true,
 'Twould be well for yourselves, and this poor
 Country too:
 But supposing *Great-Britain*, quite out of
 the Case,
 And you all should be sav'd, by some high Act
 of Grace;
 Let's return to ourselves, if you've Eyes, you
 will see

Your Association, big with rank Tyranny.
 It's hardly worth one's while to show Indig-
 nation
 At that foolish Bugbear, your Non-Import-
 ation;
 For Men do so hunger, and so thirst after Pelf,
 That when thousands are starv'd, 'twill blow
 up of itself.
 You have read a great deal,——with patient
 Reflection,
 Consider one Moment, your Courts of In-
 spection:
 Could the Inquisition, *Venice, Rome, or Ja-*
pan
 Have devised so horrid, so wicked a Plan?
 In all the Records of the most slavish Nation,
 You'll not find an Instance of such Usurpa-
 tion.
 If Spirits infernal, for dire Vengeance de-
 sign'd,
 Had been nam'd Delegates, to afflict Human
 kind,
 And in Grand Continental Congress, had re-
 solv'd
 "Let the Bonds of social Bliss be from
 henceforth dissolved,"
 They could not have plann'd, with more ex-
 quisite Skill,
 Nor have found a tame Race, more submiss to
 their Will.
 Let Fools, Pedants, and Husbands, continue to
 hate

The Advice of us Women, and call it all
Prate:

Whilst you are in Danger, by your good
Leave, my Dear,
Both by Night and by Day, I will ring in
your Ear---
Make your Peace:—Fear the King:—The
Parliament fear.

Oh my Country! remember, that a Wo-
man unknown,
Cry'd aloud,—like *Cassandra*, in Oracular
Tone,
“Repent! or you are forever, forever undone!”

FINIS

